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THE NEW SOUTH.

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POETRY.

Hymn for America.

Land that we love! beneath thy burning dome
Shall God Messiah give the heart its home:
Wide as the realms of thought His reign shall be,
And unto Him the nations bend the knee.

Praise Him, ye blue and unreposing floods!
Praise Him, ye deep and everlasting woods!
Obedient man shall waft the strains that rise,
And angels echo from the solemn skies!

Break forth in music, Spirit great and strong
Soul of a people, freed from ancient wrong;
Lift Hallelujahs; let your deeds proclaim
To earth deliverance in Messiah's name.

Scatter the foemen, who, in wrath would bind
The mighty members of the common mind;
And build the shrine where every human race
Shall blend, in Liberty's divine embrace.

Port Royal Navy Yard.

Among the great variety of vessels that float upon the waters of the Broad and Beaufort rivers—a variety in such striking contrast with the exhibitions of former days, embracing every form and size, from stately frigates and ocean steamers to the petty “dug-outs” of the contrabands, which ply from ship to ship with their little stores of oysters, eggs and other luxuries—is one which attracts the attention of every passer by. It lies moored some five miles up the stream, just above the creek which divides St. Helena from Edding Island. Without masts, with no steam propelling power, it floats there quietly—an apparent fixture to its anchor. The sides are pierced with ports, seeming to justify the conjecture of the simple natives that it is a floating battery of marvelous potency. On its deck is reared a house,—not one of the regular steamer saloon type, but a real house with sills and plates, studs and rafters, boarded sides and shingled roof. In short, it is an ark—a cross between land and sea.

On examination the visitor discovers that our nondescript contains in its subdivisions a steam engine, lathes, planing machines and other appurtenances of a machine shop; blacksmith's forges, a foundry, pattern shop, coppersmith's, boiler-maker's and other tools, covering in all a floor of one hundred and eight by twenty-five feet;—while, between decks, are sundry mess rooms, store rooms, &c., constituting the dwelling apartments of the inmates of the ark.

And this is just now the mechanical arm of the Navy at the South, put up for repairs of engines and machinery, which are likely at any moment to be required. Small and unpretending, it is yet a very important institution, meeting as it does wants which could not be supplied elsewhere except after long and expensive delays.

What the future may have in store for the de-

velopment of this magnificent harbor of Port Royal can only be conjectured; but it seems not at all unlikely that, before long, we may see here a Navy Yard of dimensions proportionate to the prospective size of our ocean arm of defence.

Soon we may hear of the Port Royal Navy Yard as we now do of those of Brooklyn, Charlestown, or Norfolk. Of such yard the ship which forms the subject of this notice would prove the germ—a small one, it is true, but yet a starting point.

It was a novel project—that of putting a manufactory upon a ship—but the choice was made by Admiral Dupont on account of the readiness of access to other ships—the greater security—and particularly from a consideration of the health and comfort of the workmen likely to be employed during the hot weather of the present season.

This ship is the *Edward*, of New Bedford—one of the whalers known as the stove fleet. Alongside of her is attached another New Bedford vessel, the *India*, stripped of her upper spars and serving as a store ship—while her deck, protected by a canvas awning, affords a promenade and resting place for the men otherwise too narrowly restricted.

As part of our local history—to serve as a contrast for what time may yet develop in this part of Secessia—this brief notice will not be found uninteresting.

The master-machinist and general director of this patriotic enterprise is Mr. Wm. B. Cogswell.

Quartermaster's Trials.

One of our exchanges has an army correspondent whose zoological researches have brought him in contact with that much-abused class of officers known as quartermasters, and he gives the result of his investigations as follows:

Stories have been told of large sums having been paid by deluded individuals for situations as regimental quartermasters. These stories may have been true; but, to judge from the universal testimony of the quartermasters hereabouts, it must have been done under some very singular hallucination as to the emoluments to be derived from such a situation. Look, for a moment, upon yonder man who wears a pair of first lieutenant's shoulder straps, and exhibits a careworn and despairing countenance, as he, bestriding a McClellan saddle on an animal of the equine species, conveys a train of “long eared locomotives,” attached to army wagons. In his breast pocket he carries a huge file of papers, and a worried heart beneath it. Well, that is a regimental quartermaster, as is indicated by the mysterious “Q. D.” upon the poor devil's shoulder straps. This is, however, by no means necessary to identify him. His species is as plainly stamped upon his countenance as the miseries of his situation are certain. The horrors of the “inquisition” are nothing to the horrors of “requisition!” The regiment on the one hand, and the government on the other, are the Scylla and Charybdis—the upper and nether millstones,—between which the poor regimental quartermaster is ground to powder.

The regiment demand the government rations, in all their variety and abundance, under all circumstances and in all places, and the extra ration of whiskey to boot. If these are not forthcoming they take the recreant regimental quartermaster by the throat, with a “Pay me what thou owest!” Should the regiment be mysteriously set down in the night in the midst of the great Desert of Sahara, after a grand skeddaddle from some Oriental Richmond, wherein all their camp and garrison equipage should be lost, the quartermaster would be most ferociously cursed for not furnishing at once whiskey and canteens for the men, and whiskey and wall tents for the officers. Like “Pip,” he is the victim of “great expectations.” He is expected to commit to memory, and to have

always in lively recollection, three-fourths of the “Army regulations,” which seem to have been printed for his especial benefit and delectation. He is expected to sell clothing and commissary stores to the officers on tick, and to forget the same on pay day. He is expected as a personal favor for each of his particular friends—the thirty-seven field, staff and line officers—to carry eighty pounds of extra baggage, under the guise of “fixed ammunition;” and he is expected by the government to use only six sickly teams to do it with. He is expected to purchase candles and supply headquarters gratis. He is expected to spend three hours per diem at Adams' Express office, and pay all extra charges for the privilege of getting packages for the regiment. He is expected to be on the field in an engagement—to care for the wounded—and at the same time to be drawing rations to distribute to the men when the fight is over.

In drawing goods from the Government he must produce as many names as would fill a respectable city directory, answer all questions in the quartermaster's shorter catechism with a pious meekness, and, after being Shadrached through the fiery furnace, learns that he can only draw a very vulgar fraction of the articles required. Instead of being crucified between two thieves, he is a crucified thief between two infallibles. His regiment accuses him of fraud in his issues and the government of fraud in his requisitions; while an indignant public at home, viewing the emaciated forms of returned soldiers, anathematize “the damned quartermasters.”

My youthful friend, anxious to serve your country and win glory on the tented field, when you join the army enlist in the ranks, or set up as a sutler, sell the newspapers, serve as an ostler or a cook, turn reporter, any thing, even to joining the crowded ranks of brigadier generals; but don't, as you value your peace in the service and your reputation at home, don't turn regimental quartermaster.

FOR COOKING SALT BEEF.—Salt Beef, before being cooked, should be well washed, and then when practicable, soaked in cold water for twenty-four hours, changing the water three times.

For boiling, it should be placed in a boiler of cold water, and made to boil quickly. As soon as the water boils, the meat must be taken out, the water thrown away, and replaced with fresh cold water; boil it, according to description and size of pieces, until thoroughly cooked.

For baking or roasting, prepare the meat as above, make a paste of flour and water, cover the meat with it, and bake in a slow oven for twenty minutes for every pound of meat.

For stewing, prepare as above, and cut into steaks; have some chopped greens or soaked desiccated mixed vegetables, and put them with the meat and a little water in a stew pan; season, and stew gently for two hours.—*G. Warriner, Instructor of Cookery in the British Army.*

—An acquaintance of ours, who occasionally drinks more of Edinburgh and Philadelphia ales than is absolutely good for him, was cautioned as follows by a well-meaning friend: “R-r-robert,” said he, “i-i-if you k-k-keep on ale-ing, as m-m-much as you do, y-y-you 'll soon want a p-p-porter to c-c-carry your bier, (beer.)”

—What is the difference between a Methodist preacher at a Camp Meeting and a glutton? One dines at sinners; the other sins at dinners.

—What is the difference between a balky horse, and a postage stamp? We lick one with a stick and stick the other with a lick.

—A man boasting in the company of ladies that he had a very luxuriant head of hair, a lady shut him up by remarking that it was doubtless owing to the mellowness of the soil.

—Gen. Pope should be called the Pope of roam. He never waits for the rebels to attack him, but roams after them in their chosen fighting grounds, and attacks them in their own strongholds.

—An ex. M. C. out West has forty-two feet of boys in the service of their country,—seven sons, averaging six feet in height.

—The difference between a carriage horse and a carriage wheel is this, that one don't go best when tired and the other does.